



*To the chief Musician upon Aijelet Shahr, A Psalm of David.*



My God, my God, why hast thou for- | saken me?  
Why art thou so far from helping me, // and from the words of my | **roaring**?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou | hearest not;  
And in the night season, and am not | **silent**.

But thou art | **holy**,  
O thou that inhabitest the praises of | Israel.

Our fathers trusted | **in** thee:  
They trusted, and thou didst de- | liver them.

They cried unto thee, and were de- | **livered**:  
They trusted in thee, and were not con- | **founded**.

But I am a worm, and | **no** man;  
A reproach of men, and despised of the | **people**.

All they that see me laugh | me to scorn:  
They shoot out the lip, they | shake the head,

Saying, He trusted on Yahweh that he would de- | liver him:  
Let him deliver him, seeing he delighted | **in** him.

But thou art he that took me out | of the womb:  
Thou didst make me hope when I was upon my | mother's breasts.

I was cast upon thee | from the womb:  
Thou art my God from my mother's | **belly**.

Be not far from me; for trouble | **is** near;  
For there is | none to help.

Many bulls have | compassed me:  
Strong bulls of Bashan have be- | set me round.

They gaped upon me | with their mouths,  
As a ravening and a roaring | **lion**.

I am poured out like | **water**,

And all my bones are | out of joint:

My heart | is like wax;  
It is melted in the midst | of my bowels.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd; // and my tongue cleaveth | to my jaws;  
And thou hast brought me into the | dust of death.

For dogs have | compassed me:  
The assembly of the wicked have | inclosed me:

They pierced my hands | and my feet.  
I may tell all my bones: // they look and stare | upon me.

They part my garments a- | **mong** them,  
And cast lots upon my | **vesture**.

But be not thou far from me, O | **Yahweh**:  
O my strength, haste thee to | **help** me.

Deliver my soul | from the sword;  
My darling from the power | of the dog.

Save me from the | lion's mouth:  
For thou hast heard me from the horns of the | unicorns.

I will declare thy name unto my | **brethren**:  
In the midst of the congregation will | I praise thee.

Ye that fear Yahweh, praise him; // all ye the seed of Jacob, glori- | **fy** him;  
And fear him, all ye the seed of | Israel.

For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the aff- | **licted**;  
Neither hath he hid his face from him; // but when he cried unto him, | **he** heard.

My praise shall be of thee in the great conger- | **gation**:  
I will pay my vows before them | that fear him.

The meek shall eat and be | satisfied:  
They shall praise Yahweh that seek him: // your heart shall live for | **ever**.

All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto | **Yahweh**:  
And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship be- | **fore** thee.

For the kingdom is | **Yahweh's**:  
And he is the governor among the | **nations**.

All they that be fat upon earth shall eat and | **worship**:

All they that go down to the dust shall bow before him: // and none can keep alive | his own soul.

A seed shall | **serve** him;

It shall be accounted to the Lord for a gener- | **ation**.

They shall come, and shall declare his | righteousness

Unto a people that shall be born, // that he hath | **done** this.

*Glory be to the Father, // and | to the Son,*

*And to the | Holy Ghost,*

*As it was in the be- | **ginning**,*

*Is now and ever shall be, // world without end. | **Amen**.*

# Be Not Far Off, for Grief Is Near

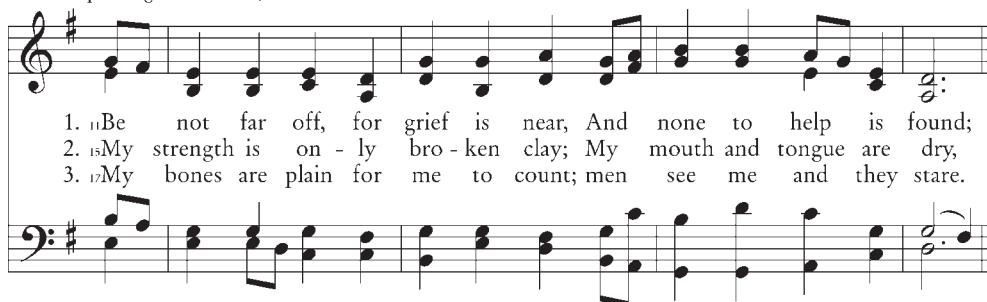
Psalm 22:11-20

KINGSFOLD (C.M.D.)

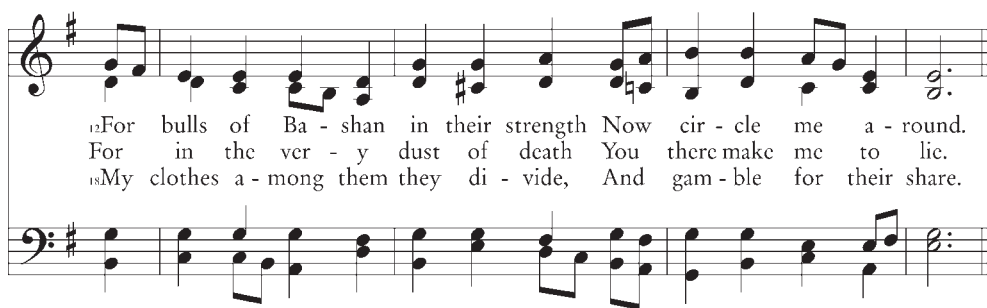
*The Book of Psalms for Singing, 1973*

Melody collected by Lucy Broadwood

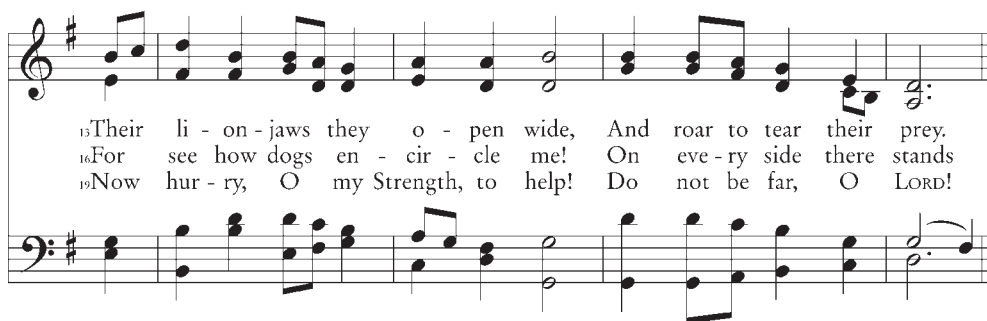
harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906



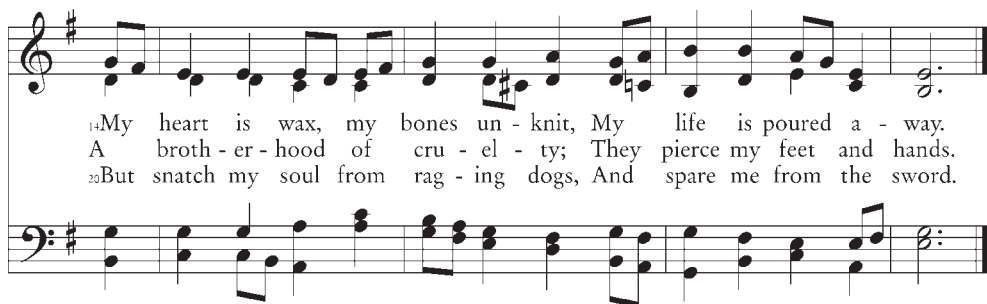
1. <sup>11</sup>Be not far off, for grief is near, And none to help is found;  
 2. <sup>15</sup>My strength is on - ly bro - ken clay; My mouth and tongue are dry,  
 3. <sup>17</sup>My bones are plain for me to count; men see me and they stare.



<sup>12</sup>For bulls of Ba - shan in their strength Now cir - cle me a - round.  
 For in the ver - y dust of death You there make me to lie.  
<sup>18</sup>My clothes a - mong them they di - vide, And gam - ble for their share.



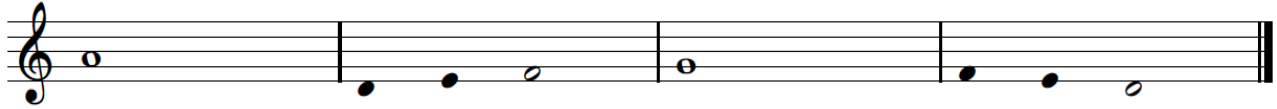
<sup>13</sup>Their li - on - jaws they o - pen wide, And roar to tear their prey.  
<sup>16</sup>For see how dogs en - cir - cle me! On eve - ry side there stands  
<sup>19</sup>Now hur - ry, O my Strength, to help! Do not be far, O LORD!



<sup>14</sup>My heart is wax, my bones un - knit, My life is poured a - way.  
 A broth - er - hood of cru - el - ty; They pierce my feet and hands.  
<sup>20</sup>But snatch my soul from rag - ing dogs, And spare me from the sword.

# 40

*To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David.*



I waited patiently for | **Yahweh**;  
And he inclined unto me, and | heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of an horri- | **ble** pit,  
Out of the | miry clay,

And set my feet up- | on a rock,  
And established my | **goings**.

And he hath put a new song | in my mouth,  
Even praise unto | **our** God:

Many shall see it, | **and** fear,  
And shall trust in | **Yahweh**.

Blessed is that man that maketh Yahweh | **his** trust,  
And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn a- | side to lies.

Many, O Yahweh my God, are thy wonderful works which | thou hast done,  
And thy thoughts which are to | **usward**:

They cannot be reckoned up in order | unto thee:  
If I would declare and speak of them, // they are more than can be | **numbered**.

Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; // mine ears hast thou | **opened**:  
Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou | not required.

Then said I, | Lo, I come:  
In the volume of the book it is written | **of** me,

I delight to do thy will, | O my God:  
Yea, thy law is within | **my** heart.

I have preached righteousness in the great conger- | **gation**:  
Lo, I have not refrained my lips, // O Yahweh, thou | **knowest**.

I have not hid thy righteousness within | **my** heart;  
I have declared thy faithfulness and thy sal- | **vation**:

I have not concealed thy loving- | **kindness**  
And thy truth from the great conger- | **gation**.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O | **Yahweh**:  
Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually pre- | **serve** me.

For innumerable evils have compassed | me about:  
Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, // so that I am not able | to look up;

They are more than the hairs | of mine head:  
Therefore my heart | faileth me.

Be pleased, O Yahweh, to de- | liver me:  
O Yahweh, make haste to | **help** me.

Let them be ashamed and confounded to- | **gether**  
That seek after my soul to de- | **stroy** it;

Let them be driven backward and | put to shame  
That wish me | **evil**.

Let them be desolate for a reward | of their shame  
That say unto me, A- | ha, aha.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be | glad in thee:  
Let such as love thy salvation say continually, // Yahweh be | magnified.

But I am poor and | **needy**;  
Yet the Lord thinketh | upon me:

Thou art my help and my de- | liverer;  
Make no tarrying, | O my God.


*Glory be to the Father, // and | to the Son,*  
*And to the | Holy Ghost,*  
*As it was in the be- | **ginning**,*  
*Is now and ever shall be, // world without end. | **Amen**.*

# I Waited for the LORD

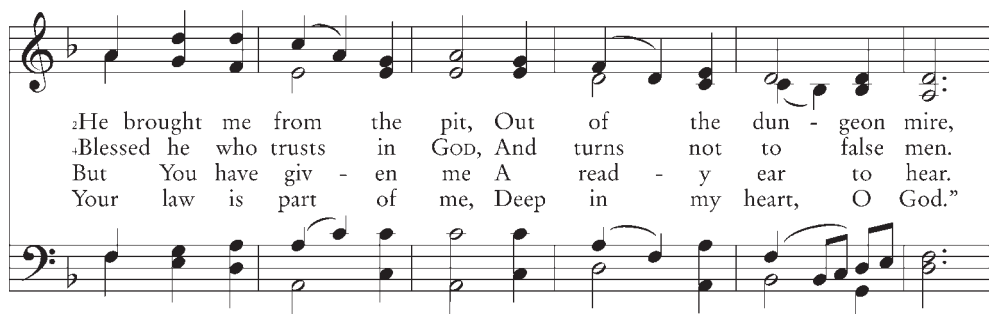
Psalm 40:1-9

FINGAL (6 6. 6 6. D.)  
Irish traditional melody  
arr. Leopold L. Dix, 1933

*The Book of Psalms for Singing, 1973*



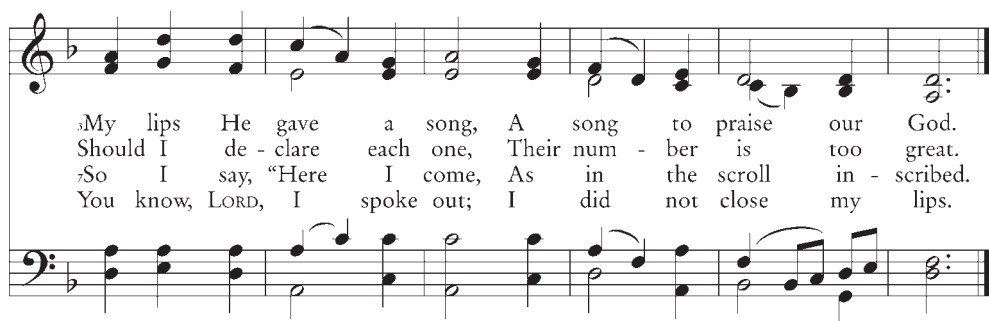
1. I wait - ed for the LORD; He stooped and heard my cry.  
2. Man - y will see with awe, And so will trust the LORD.  
3. "You want no of - fer - ing, Nor ask a sac - ri - fice,  
4. "To do Your will, O God, To me is my de - light.



He brought me from the pit, Out of the dun - geon mire,  
Blessed he who trusts in GOD, And turns not to false men.  
But You have giv - en me A read - y ear to hear.  
Your law is part of me, Deep in my heart, O God."



My feet set on a rock, My foot - steps made se - cure.  
You have worked won - ders, LORD; No one com - pares to You!  
You ask no of - f'ings burnt Nor sac - ri - fice for sin.  
In con - gre - ga - tion great I told Your right - eous - ness.



My lips He gave a song, A song to praise our God.  
Should I de - clare each one, Their num - ber is too great.  
So I say, "Here I come, As in the scroll in - scribed.  
You know, LORD, I spoke out; I did not close my lips.



## I Know That My Redeemer Lives

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives;  
 2. He lives, He lives, who once was dead;  
 3. *He lives to bless me with His love,* Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 4. He lives my hun - gry soul to feed,  
 5. He lives, all glo - ry to His name!

What com - fort this as - sur - ance gives!  
 He lives, my ev - er - liv - ing Head.  
*He lives to plead for me a - bove,* Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 He lives to help in time of need.  
 He lives, my Sav - ior still the same.

<sup>10</sup> Shout on, pray on, we're gain - ing ground— Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

<sup>14</sup> The dead's a - live and the lost is found— Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Music: American folk hymn, 1800's

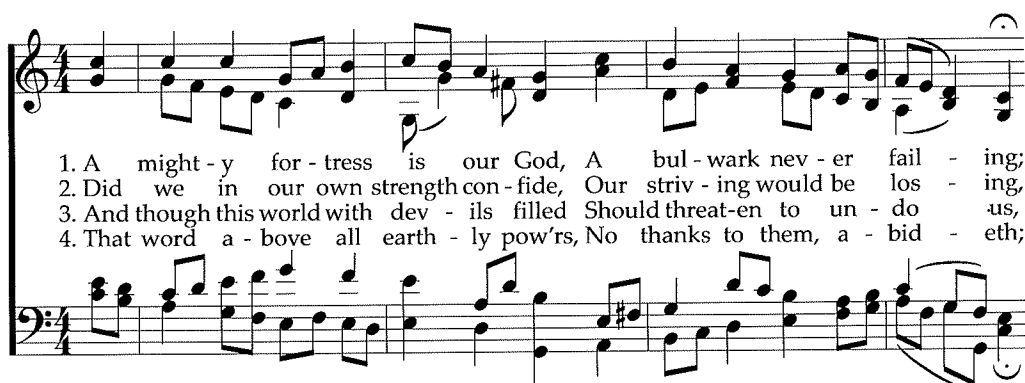
Text: Samuel Medley, 1775; ref. Unknown

SHOUT ON

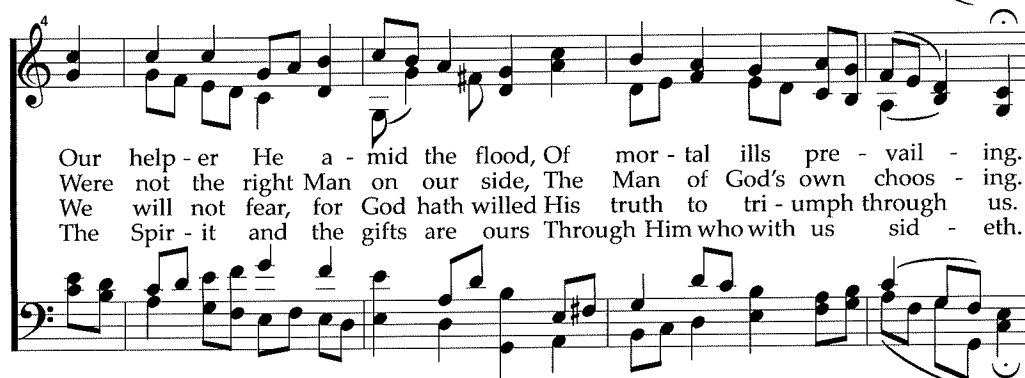
8 6. 8 6. w/ refrain

## A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

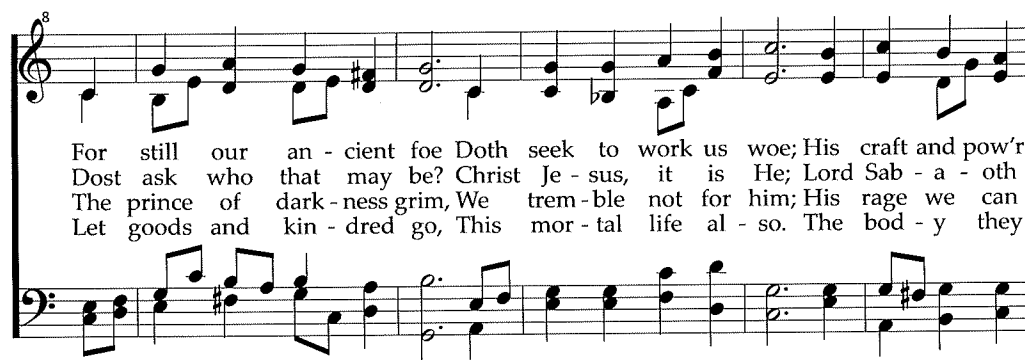
408



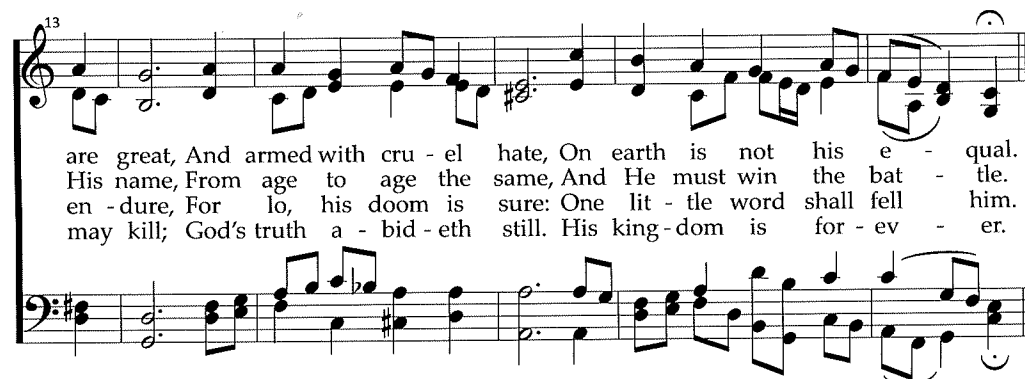
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;  
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing,  
 3. And though this world with dev - ils filled Should threat - en to un - do us,  
 4. That word a - boye all earth - ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;



Our help - er He a - mid the flood, Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.  
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us.  
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth.



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sab - a - oth  
 The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can  
 Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so. The bod - y they




are great, And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
 His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.  
 en - dure, For lo, his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
 may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still. His king - dom is for - ev - er.

Music: Martin Luther, 1529; harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1628; alt.  
 Text: Martin Luther, 1529; tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853


EIN' FESTE BURG  
 8 7. 8 7. 6 6. 6 6 7.

## The Son of God Goes Forth to War


666




1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain.  
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;  
 3. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,  
 4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?  
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky And called on Him to save.  
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew And mocked the cross and flame.  
 A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice In robes of light ar - rayed.



Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain?  
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,  
 They met the ty - rant's bran - dished steel, The li - on's gor - y mane;  
 They climbed the steep as - cent of Heav'n Through per - il, toil and pain;



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong! Who fol - lows in His train?  
 They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?  
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.

## I Bind unto Myself Today

COMMISSION

Saint Patrick's Breastplate

*unison*

1. I bind un-to my-self to-day The strong name of the Trin-i-ty, By  
in - vo - ca - tion of the same, The Three in One, and One in Three.

2. I bind this day to me for - ev - er, By pow'r of faith, Christ's  
3. I bind un-to my - self the pow'r Of the great love of  
4. I bind un-to my - self to - day The vir - tues of the  
5. I bind un-to my - self to - day The pow'r of God to  
6. A - gainst the de - mon snares of sin, The vice that gives temp -  
7. A - gainst all Sa - tan's spells and wiles, A - gainst false words of

in - car - na - tion, His bap - tism in the Jor - dan Riv - er, His  
cher - u - bim, The sweet "Well done" in judg - ment hour, The  
star - lit heav - en, The glo - rious sun's life - giv - ing ray, The  
hold and lead, His eye to watch, His might to stay, His  
ta - tion force, The na - tural lusts that war with - in, The  
her - e - sy, A - gainst the knowl - edge that de - files, A -

Music 1: ancient Irish hymn melody; arr. Charles Villiers Stanford, 1902

Music 2: ancient Irish melody; adapt.

Text: attr. Patrick of Ireland (372-466); tr. Cecil Frances Alexander, 1889

ST. PATRICK

8 8. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

DEIRDRE

8 8. 8 8. Trochaic

# COMMISSION

30

death on the cross for my sal - va - tion, His burst - ing from the spic - ed  
serv - ice of the ser - a - phim, Con - fes - sors' faith, a - pos - tles'  
white - ness of the moon at e - ven, The flash - ing of the light - ning  
ear to hear - en to my need, The wis - dom of my God to  
hos - tile men that mar my course— Though few or man - y, far or  
gainst the heart's i - dol - a - try, A - gainst the wiz - ard's e - vil

37

tomb, His rid - ing up the Heav'n - ly way, His com - ing  
word, The pa - triarchs' pray'rs, the proph - ets' scrolls, All good deeds  
free, The whirl - ing wind's tem - pes - tuous shocks, The sta - ble  
teach, His hand to guide, His shield to ward, The word of  
nigh - craft, A - gainst the death - wound and the burn - ing, The chok - ing

43

at the day of doom I bind un - to my - self to - day.  
done un - to the Lord, And pu - ri - ty of vir - gin souls.  
earth, the deep salt sea A - round the old en - dur - ing rocks.  
God to give me speech, His Heav'n - ly host to be my guard.  
fierce hos - til - i - ty I bind to me these ho - ly pow'rs.  
wave, the poi - soned shaft, Pro - tect me, Christ, till Thy re - turn - ing.

50 harmony

8. Christ be with me, Christ with - in me, Christ be - hind me, Christ be - fore me,  
Christ be - neath me, Christ a - bove me, Christ in qui - et, Christ in dan - ger,

54

Christ be - side me, Christ to win me, Christ to com - fort and re - store me,  
Christ in hearts of all that love me, Christ in mouth of friend and stran - ger.

# I Bind unto Myself Today

Cont'd

*unison*

59 9. I bind un - to my - self the name, The strong name of the

66 Trin - i - ty, By in - vo - ca - tion of the same, The

72 Three in One, and One in Three Of whom all na - ture

78 hath cre - a - tion: E - ter - nal Fa - ther, Spir - it, Word. Praise to the

85 Lord of my sal - va - tion; Sal - va - tion is of Christ the Lord.

734

## Doxology

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1551; alt.  
 Text: Thomas Ken, 1709

OLD HUNDREDTH  
 8 8. 8 8.